

A TALE OF RED ROSES

By
GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

Copyright, 1914, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

(Continued.)

"The man has taken too much for granted," went on Bert, unsentimental by all this hilarity and, indeed, made only more indignant by it. "From what your father says, Sledge seems to believe that our engagement is off and that he has been practically accepted."

Molly put her hand over her mouth to suppress a shriek and, running out into the hall, called Fern. The girls met halfway up the stairway, where Molly explained the glad news, and Bert, strolling stolidly out there, found them holding to the balustrade in order that their enjoyment of Sledge's obtuse understanding might not tumble them down the steps. He strode back into the library and barked his shin on a rocker. Molly returned to him presently for more.

"I've been missing my red roses," she confessed. "Now I suppose I'll get some more. What else does he think?"

"Heaven knows," snapped Bert. "He says he's going to the theater with you tonight. Is that correct?"



"I forbid it," he commanded. Molly gleefully nodded her head. "Did you forget that you were going to the club dance with me?" he indignantly went on, feeling like shaking her.

"This time Molly shook her head, her eyes gleaming with devilment, and from Fern, still on the stairway, there arose a wild peal.

Bert closed the library doors. "I forbid it," he commanded.

The change in Molly was so abrupt that it startled him into barking his other shin. First of all she threw open the library doors, knowing, however, that Fern by this time was back in the boudoir.

"You may do your forbidding to Mr. Sledge," she told him, with blazing eyes. "You were thoughtful enough to consider seriously sending me to him, and now whatever follows is up to me. I am going to the theater to-night with Mr. Sledge."

"Molly, Molly, Molly!" shrieked Fern, half running and half bumping down the stairs. "Run to the window, quick, and see the parade! O-o-o-h! It's coming here!"

Molly laid aside her just indignation for a moment, feeling intuitively that a Sledge miracle was some place in the neighborhood, and glanced out of the window, as Fern, gurgling incoherently, flashed by on her way to the door.

Up the winding driveway, one following the other, were two of the most beautiful little colonial coupes in the world, such cars as would make any girl go stark howling mad with ecstasy. They were exactly alike, except that the one in front was hung with lace and flimsy red silk curtains, and the other had blue with its fluffy white. Both the cars were empty, except for the hard featured men who were driving them, looking as much out of place as a coal heaver in a lingerie bonnet.

"The blue one's mine!" exclaimed Fern, dancing up and down in a delirium of joy as Molly joined her at the door, through the hangings of which the girls now peered out in frantic impatience.

"I wonder what brings them here?" speculated Molly, dreading the worst.

"I don't care!" returned Fern. "That blue car's mine, and I know it. Molly, do you really suppose it could be a present?"

"Certainly not," decided Molly promptly. "Oh, but aren't they exquisite?"

"Exquisite? They're the dearest, sweetest, darlingest little things I ever saw!" cried Fern. "The only thing that's missing is that there should be a hand leading them. Say, Molly, and here she sank her voice to a giggling whisper, 'I'll bet you that Sledge'—"

"Certainly not!" interrupted Molly, almost fiercely, and then she, too, giggled, and the two girls scattered away

from the door as the chauffeur of the red car who was the gentlemanly salesman in disguise, dismounted and came slowly up to the door.

They waited in the library with the frowning and bewildered Bert while the this butler with the tall brow answered the bell, and they distinctly heard the chauffeur ask for Miss Marley and Miss Burbank. They waited in half frightened decorum while the thin butler solemnly brought that message, and then, with no more trace of excitement than if they had been dragged away from a tiresome French lesson, they walked sedately into the hall.

"Miss Marley?" observed that person, nodding to the right girl. "I have the pleasure of bringing out a very beautiful little gift to yourself and Miss Burbank," and here he nodded to the other young lady, who was waiting at her toes to the door by gripping them. "The red lined one is for Miss Marley and the blue one for Miss Burbank."

"I said the blue one was mine!" half shrieked Fern, unable to contain herself any longer. "I want to ride in it now!"

Molly looked longingly past the person's shoulder out at the red curtained car, and she felt that sick, sick sensation of self abnegation clamoring within.

"Who sent them?" she asked faintly. "Your father," replied the conscienceless salesman, looking her more clearly in the eye than any honest man could have done. "If you have the time we shall be pleased to give you a lesson in running them."

Fern, was halfway upstairs. "Do you want your gray coat or your furs, Molly?" she called as she went.

"Something light," replied Molly, equally excited, running out to inspect the car, with the gentlemanly salesman right at her elbow and highly pleased with his job. The chauffeur in the blue car waited with bright eyes.

Fern, followed by Mina and another maid, both of them too slow to be of any service, came clattering on the porch with two afternoon coats and two bonnets selected with less discrimination than she had ever used and tossed any of them to Molly. "I'll bet it was Sledge," she whispered as she ran and popped into the blue car.

Her coupe was the first to whirl down the driveway, but the red one followed in close order. Bert stood on the edge of the porch, with his hands rammed in his pockets, and watched the end of the world. Being a young man of keen thought, however, after fifteen minutes of numbness he curled his mustache, took up the telephone and called Frank Marley.

"Did you make a present of two automobiles to the girls?" he inquired. "Did I what?" gasped Marley out of the midst of his plans for making the proposed street car consolidation worth twenty points' advance on his stock to the up state syndicate.

"I thought not," returned Bert, with a very near approach to politeness. "I didn't think you'd weaken our capital by a \$5,000 extravagance of that sort."

"I don't understand you," puzzled Marley.

"Two small enclosed cars came out here about fifteen minutes ago, and the man who drove them said that you sent them. Personally I think Sledge has been getting fresh."

"It's barely possible," agreed Marley, feeling a dangerous indignation rising within him. "Leave that to me, Bert. As Molly's father it is my affair. I'll investigate it at once."

Flattening with all a righteous father's jealous care, Frank Marley kept the telephone busy until he located Sledge.

"I say, Sledge," he blurted. "Did you send out a couple of automobiles to my house?"

"Now, Marley," chuckled Sledge. "They're toys. You sent 'em. Do they like 'em?"

"I haven't inquired," returned Marley, still standing by his father's dignity. "Really, Mr. Sledge, you know I can't allow my daughter to receive extravagant presents of that sort from any one other than myself."

"Aw, cut it," advised Sledge. "I get you. If they don't like 'em, I'm the goat. If they do, close your trap. You sent 'em."

"Well, but—" "I say you sent 'em," insisted Sledge, with a gruff loss of his cordiality, which had been apparent in his former tones, and Marley heard the click of disconnection.

Nearly an hour later two shining little colonial coupes, to rest contented one in front, drove up to the Marley porch, where Bert Glider gloomed in the doorway. They were driven by a happy girl each and had no other occupants.

"Come and take a ride with me, Bert," hailed Molly, so full of delight that she had absolutely forgotten her quarrel with him, which was a blow indeed. "You can't drive, though."

Fern had emerged from her car. "I'm going to have my dinner here," she laughingly announced. "I think I shall go to the theater tonight in mine. Jump in Molly's car, Bert, and try it. It rides like a rocking chair."

"No, thank you!" returned Bert coldly. "Those cars are going back to the salesroom. I felt sure that your father had not given them to you, after our business arrangement of this morning. They are a present from Sledge."

"Oh, please, no!" pleaded Molly, with a heartick glance at her red curtained car. She had loved it at sight, but now, since she had learned to know it, she adored it. "How do you know that

they are from Sledge?" "I suspected it from the beginning," he sternly informed her. "So I called up your father."

"I said they were from Sledge!" cried Fern. "Molly, it was awfully crude of him, but I love him for it—don't you?"

"What did father say?" demanded Molly.

"He is investigating." Molly marched straight to the telephone and called up her father. He talked to her kindly, wisely and with deliberation, also like a man who had given himself plenty of time for thought. Bert stood at her elbow, listening to one side of the conversation and piecing out the other with painfully knotted intellect. Molly turned to him with calm satisfaction.

"Father says that I am to consider the cars as a gift from him," she proudly announced.

Fern executed the full figures of a minute and sang a merry tra-la-la all the way through. Molly helped her sing and dance the last figure.

"Three cheers!" she exclaimed. "Now we may keep our cars."

"I never intended to give mine up," Fern affirmed.

Bert walked Molly back into her father's den.

"I have nothing to say about what Fern does," he firmly announced, "but I have something to say about your conduct. You can't shut your eyes to the fact that Sledge has given you this car, and he has no right to do so."

"My father says that I am to consider the car as a gift from him," repeated Molly primly, but with a snap in her eyes.

"That is only an evasion," Bert insisted. "You have willfully misled Sledge into the belief that you intend to put yourself in the position of receiving presents from him, and either his thing must be stopped or there will be unpleasantness between you and me."

"There is one way we can head that off," Molly quietly assured him. "We can break our engagement."

"Impossible!" immediately declared Bert, frightened. "I didn't mean anything like that, Molly," and he attempted to take her hands and perform a bit of the love-making which he had other neglected.

"I mean it, though," she insisted, drawing her hands away from him. "Our engagement has only brought trouble to everybody concerned and has subjected me to more than one insult which I had no right to expect. If we declare it off both you and father can go right back to where you were in a business way."

"It's too late for that," he assured her, sitting down to reason it out with her on the commercial plane since she seemed to insist upon it. "I could never regard the political friendship which is necessary to my style of business. My commercial career in this city is at an end, and my social standing would be also. Knowing this, I have been in correspondence with my people in Baltimore. They have a magnificent business opening there for me, but it takes \$100,000 to obtain control of it. I laid the matter before your father, and he investigated it. Our conclusion is this—if we can close up our business satisfactorily here and he can sell this place we shall have in the neighborhood of \$150,000 clear between us. You and I are to marry, go to Maryland with your father, enter into business and take up the social position to which we are entitled. When I take you there as my bride, Molly, everybody's going to be very proud of you, and I am quite sure that you will like the social atmosphere much better than here. I've dwelt on this so often to you that it must seem like an old story, and yet this is the first time that it has seemed very near to us."

Molly felt herself wondering why this glittering promise failed to thrill her as it had used to do.

"I'll be the proudest glider that was ever in the family when I can take you home as my wife," he went on. "It's all out and dried, Molly, and we expect to have everything closed up before our wedding day if we can hold Sledge off that long."

"And yet you could me for helping you hold Sledge off when you couldn't do it yourselves," she retorted. "Why, you actually suggested to me that I should see what I could do with him."

"I don't like the way you're going about it," he confessed.

"You should be proud of me," she reproved him. "I think that Fern and I have done a beautiful job of it, and she began laughing. "We're going to put on our very best frocks tonight and be a credit to you. You're ungrateful," and she began to look indignant again.

"Let's forget it," offered Bert, laughing and took her in his arms. "You're the girl for me, Molly, and there won't be any more envied couple in Maryland than we."

He kissed her and held her while he talked to her of the social triumphs which awaited them, the topic which had always pleased her most in their plans for the future. After all, they would make a splendidly matched couple. Moreover, she did owe it to her father and Bert to give them another business start.

CHAPTER XV.

A Large Surprise For Each of the Girls. SLEDGE began his deliberate and sane vigor that he would have exercised in conducting a most important political campaign.

On that first evening at the theater he made Molly's wishes, expressed or unexpressed, both a study and a law. A draft blow on her. She had a scarf around her shoulders before she was through with her first slight shiver, and immediately thereafter Sledge snapped his fingers for an usher and ordered the fire escape doors closed. She looked over the program of entr'acte music and sighed for a missing favorite.

"Let's get it down," directed Sledge, handing her a fountain pen and a check blank.

Laughing, she wrote it, thinking that he would no doubt send her the sheet music next day.

Again he called the usher.

(To Be Continued.)

FUNERAL DESIGNS AND BOUQUETS JOHN RECK & SON.

Farmer Want Ads. One Cent a Word

GIRLS: Do You Want Good Work?

A big increase in our corset business gives an opening for 500 more girls and women in The Warner Brother Company factories.

Experienced Hands can begin at once with good pay in the Corset Department, Accessory Department, Paper Box Department, or Metal Department.

Beginners will be taught the work they prefer and will be paid 15 cents an hour while learning.

No Night Work—Half Holiday Saturday

We work only in the day time, 48 hours per week. Here are the hours of work each week:

Monday	7:30 to 12.	1 to 5:30
Tuesday	7:30 to 12.	1 to 5:30
Wednesday	7:30 to 12.	1 to 5:30
Thursday	7:30 to 12.	1 to 5:30
Friday	7:30 to 12.	1 to 5:30
Saturday	7:30 to 12.	1 to 4:30

We try to take care of our employees in the best possible way. We pay well and have steady work. There is a trained nurse on hand at all times, whose services are free, for sickness or injury. We have also a free library of new books and magazines.

Call at our Employment Office

corner Lafayette and Gregory Streets, and we will gladly explain the work and pay, and arrange for immediate work.

The Warner Brothers Company

FAIRFIELD COUNTY NEWS

Bankrupt in Greenwich.

Frank L. Fenwick, a butcher of Greenwich, has filed a petition in bankruptcy, and he made oath he did not have the money to pay the filing fee. He has liabilities of \$2,001.80 and \$1,489.16 of the amount is unsecured. Assets consist of debts due on open account, \$765.93, and \$845.00 on deposit in bank.

Charged with Poaching.

County Warden Smith received a tip Tuesday that some woodchoppers in the woods north of Upper Stepney in Monroe, were shooting partridge and with Deputy William and Kellogg a tour of the wood jobs was made with the result that back of one shanty the wardens found a large pile of fresh partridge feathers, and rabbit skins.

Three guns were in the shanty and four men slept there and the wardens had to determine which one did the shooting. Clues pointed to Joe Duval, a huge French Canadian working on the mill in the woods. Joe was confronted with the evidence and owned up and pleaded guilty in the justice court and was fined \$25 and costs, amounting to \$41.41.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

New York, Feb. 10.—Good to fairly prime steers sold at \$2.20 @ \$2.70 per 100 lbs; bulls at \$1 @ \$1.75; oxen at \$1.50 @ \$1.75; cows at \$1 @ \$1.75. Dressed beef 10 @ 14c for city dressed native sides.

Common to prime veals sold at \$9 @ \$13 per 100 lbs; culs at \$7 @ \$8.50; harnyard culs at \$6 @ \$8.50. Dressed calves 15 @ 20c for city dressed veals; 12 1-2 @ 17 1-2 for country dressed.

Common to good sheep sold at \$6 @ \$7.50 per 100 lbs; common to prime lambs at \$10 @ \$11.75; culs at \$3.50. Dressed mutton 10 @ 14c; dressed lambs at 15 @ 18 1-2c; country dressed hothouse lambs \$10 @ \$15 per carcass.

Light to medium weight hams sold at \$3.40 @ \$3.80 per 100 lbs; rough at \$7.25 @ \$7.35.

Two Italian track walkers were killed by a New York Central express train near Erie, Pa.

QUIT COUGHING

Coughs cause feverish conditions, throat and lung strain and lead to pneumonia and serious sickness. The sooner you quit coughing the quicker you will feel better and have a better night's rest.

(Creosote) eases and soothes inflamed, raw throats, raises the phlegm without racking or straining, protects the lungs and removes the cause of the trouble. Be warned by the first cough. Get a bottle of Leonard's Cough Syrup (Creosote) from your druggist. Fine for coughs, colds, grippe, croup, whooping cough and bronchitis. Pleasant to take. 25c. Hindle's Drug Stores, 287 Main street and 309 Main street.—Adv.

ROOMS WANTED

Also Rooms With Board Address With Particulars P. O. Box 1021, City

CERTILAX

The Certain Laxative A harmless and sure remedy for Constipation, Torpid Liver, Headache, Biliousness, and Foul Breath. Made from the formulae of a celebrated specialist of New York City. Do the work pleasantly—do not gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c. At all drug stores or direct on receipt of price. Curtis Chemical Co., 117 E. 24th St., New York.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT DISTRICT OF BRIDGEPORT, PROBATE COURT.

Estate of Walter S. Bradley late of the town of Bridgeport in said District deceased.

The Court of Probate for the District of Bridgeport hath limited and allowed six months from the date hereof for Creditors of said Estate to Those who neglect to present their exhibit their claims for settlement, accounts, properly attested, within said time, will be barred a recovery. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

J. ROBERT BEECHER Administrator Address No. 26 Sanford Bldg., Bridgeport, Conn.

Telephone 781

DRAUGHTSMEN WANTED

Wanted immediately, six first class draughtsmen on jig and fixture work. Permanent employment and agreeable working condition.

THE SINGER MFG. CO. BS 4*

WANTED

Man to take charge of small department of automatic machines. Has to be experienced. Apply in person to employment office corner Lafayette and Gregory Sts.

WARNER BROS.

WANTED

BENCH AND PLANNER HANDS AND J. & L. OPERATORS Good Wages and Steady Employment. References Required Hours 8 A. M. to 4:30 P. M. Employment Office Open from 7 A. M. to 5:30 P. M.

Max Ams Machine Co.

Foot of Scofield Ave. BRIDGEPORT, : : : CONN.

WANTED

At Once NINE MILLING MACHINE HANDS Highest Wages With Bonuses; Eight-Hour Shop, Steady Work.

BULLARD

Broad St. and Railroad Ave. EMPLOYMENT OFFICE OPEN 8 A. M. to 12 Noon—1 P. M. to 6 P. M.

HOME DRESSED POULTRY

So much of the cold storage variety on the market just now that we know you'll appreciate our fresh killed fowl, even though the price is a bit higher

F. W. BEHRENS, JR.

MARKET

162 FAIRFIELD AVE.

Telephone 781

FINANCIAL

3 Per Cent. INTEREST

Your Checking Account

We think this will appeal to you particularly in view of our experience of nearly fifty years in banking. We can assure you of safety, satisfactory conduct of your business, and courteous treatment.

Interest credited to accounts monthly. We would like to tell you about our methods. Call us on the phone or come in and see us.

T. L. WATSON & CO.

BANKERS COR. MAIN AND JOHN STREETS

Established 1866

SIMPLICITY

Is one of the many good features of payment by check. It is so easy to send by mail.

We invite your Checking Account (large or small).

JAMES STAPLES & CO., 189 State Street BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

T. B. WARREN Real Estate and Insurance

FINE LOTS FOR SALE

29 SANFORD BUILDING Telephone 925

WE HAVE

MONEY TO LOAN

ON FIRST MORTGAGES APPLY

S. Loewith & Co.

AGENTS 116 BANK STREET Telephone 3

Property Owners!

WE HAVE

100 TENANTS TO PLACE IN RENTS FROM \$15 TO \$25 PER MONTH.

PARTICULARS

ANDERSON & CO.

63 JOHN STREET

ESCALLOPS

25c qt

W. D. COOK & SON

523 Water Street

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Laxative. For Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, and all ailments of the bowels. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

Engraved CARDS

AT SOUTHWORTH'S 10 ARCADE

RHEUMATISM

MEDICINE FREE

We want the name of every person everywhere who is suffering with rheumatism, so we can send him a free sample bottle of Hill's Rheumatic Remedy. We don't care how long or how severe he has had it, as there are very few cases that have not yielded and been thoroughly cured with it. It works at once. In twenty-four hours it stops the pain. Don't take our word for it—test it at our expense. This is not a new untried thing. For twenty-five years it has been regarded by physicians as practically the only certain treatment for this terrible disease.

Over 10,000 Testimonials Like These: Mr. E. M. Ehlers, Secty. Grand Lodge of Mason of New York City writes: "Although a sufferer from rheumatism for many years two doses stopped all pain and one bottle cured me."

Mr. A. Goldmann, Victoria, Texas, says: "I am very well pleased with your medicine; am recommending it very highly. It has done more for me than anything I have ever tried."

Marshall F. W. Geraty, of St. Manhattan N. Y. writes: "I have suffered with rheumatism for many years, have tried almost every known remedy, but got no relief or cure until I took yours. In forty-eight hours I was entirely cured and free from all pain. I send this unsolicited."

Hill's Rheumatic Remedy is on sale at most drug stores at \$1.00 per bottle. One bottle generally effects a complete cure. Call or send for free sample bottle and booklet at once. There is no greater service you can perform for humanity than to tell any rheumatic sufferer about this wonderful preparation. Address: Hill Medical Co., 117 East 24th St., New York, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE Good Men Make \$10 a Day on One Preparation. WRITE NOW—Adv.

The City National Bank

Savings Department Pays 4 Per Cent. Interest Start Saving Now 107 WALL STREET

THE CONNECTICUT NATIONAL BANK

BRIDGEPORT

Cor. Main and Wall Streets